A Wayfarer's Treasures

C. O. C.

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To my dear old
friend
Alderman Cattley
whose kindly interest
and affection will
always remain a
sweet memory of
my life from
the author
Oscar Gridley.

April 1911

A Wayfarer's Treasures

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By
C. O. G.

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A Wayfarer's Treasures

To the Reader

AS some glad wayfarer from meads and dells,
Wherethrough all day he wandered joyously,
Hearing such secrets as kind Nature tells
To list'ning souls who love her mystery;
Returning in the twilight quietly,
Enriched with flowers gathered and caressed,
He met some town-folk sick and sore depressed,
And gave his treasures as he passed them by.
So I, these blossoms of my heart and soul,
Fashioned in dreams, and pleasant reveries,
Offer to thee as helps towards thy goal
Of Love, and Hope, and Faith that never dies.
Accept them, reader dear, a modest store;
Then to the charmèd woods and gather more.

The Sowers

SET thou the seed good husbandman, and wait;
Let storm and sunshine come, heed not, nor doubt.
The life that is within will surely sprout,
Bear fruit, and die, fulfilling thus its fate.
Watch through the summer, and in autumn late
For harvest days. Oh! joyous time to come,
When proudly thou wilt bear thy riches home
Adding a hundredfold to thy estate.
Sow thou thy seed of thought thou poet too,
Despite the world's disdain, and slighting sneers.
In days to come thy harvest will ensue
Of gentleness, and faith, and grateful tears.
Were it a simple daisy bloom of love,
Thou would'st esteem it still reward enough.

Spring Awakening

THE flowers still are sleeping within their earthy bed,
But springtime soon will waken them—be careful how you tread ;—
Their tiny souls are stirring, each eager to be born,
To bring new life, new rapture, new glory of new dawn.
Sweet, gentle eyes will open, and hearts beat wild with glee,
In expectation thrilling, with life's full ecstasy.
The sun will soon be shining to warm the wintry air,
Then pretty buds will venture to peep forth everywhere.
The voice of God is calling the flowers to awake,
So step the pathways softly, they blossom for our sake ;
All happiness to give us if we should pass their way,
To revel in the gladness, and beauty they convey.

The springtime flowers are tender, they do not long
remain,
But fall asleep in summer to bloom next year again.

ENVOIE

Awake then budding flowers, lift up your eyes to
greet
My loving thoughts and kisses upon your blossoms
sweet.

Celandine

SWEET Celandine, who from thy mossy bed
Art first to rise, op'ning thy golden eye,
As if a new-born world thou would'st espy,
And make report if winter's frosts have fled.
The spring is here again. What can be said?
Dost find then, that the world has changed since thou
But yesteryear raised up thy anxious head
To feel the sunshine break as it doth now?
I hear thee answer me, "Nay, all is well,
I feel again the same bright springtime glow;
'Tis all I live for, and 'tis all I know,
Hoping to human hearts my joy to tell."
Two lovers slowly pass; I hear them say,
"Whilst souls are pure, spring passes not away."

Anemones

LIKE troupes of merry maids in bonnets white,
Who throng the springtide woods on holiday,
Or, like a swarm of butterflies so gay,
That flutter in the sunshine, warm and bright,
So seems to me the sweet inspiring sight
Of pale anemones, whose blossoms bring
To woodland dells a promise of fair spring,
Filling our hopeful hearts with fresh delight.
God's white-winged angels sent our faith to stir,
And teach, through Nature's ways, what men should be—
By day, an upturned face of praise we see,
At eve—bent low in prayer—a worshipper.
These blossoms truly feel a joy to live,
And share the rapture that they help to give.

New Year

THE old year passes, and its memories
Rise up like ghosts to greet us or to warn.
Thoughts that have quickened, deeds that have been born
For good or ill, stand forth before our eyes.
The soul alone as judge can recognise
Success, or failure, giving blame or praise,
Not by the standard that the world applies,
But by the secret motive of our ways.
And now this new year dawns with hopes and fears.
Maybe, our failures past will prove our gain,
And joy shine forth in spite of all our tears
To make success the greater for our pain.
The years roll on, and time at last will show
The progress made in battle here below.

The Call of the Flowers

I SIT alone in City's gloom,
My spirit far away,
Where woodland flowers wooing call;
Ah! fain could I obey.

From the meadows, and the pathways
Daisies sing—as daisies do—
"Play with us, for we are children,
Fairy chains we'll make for you."

Clustered primroses, so tender,
Whisper sweetly, soft and low;
"Come and hide behind the hedges,
None shall see you, none shall know."

"Join with us in merry laughter,
White anemones are we;
Lightly tripping through the forest,
Gay are we, so you shall be."

"Come and linger by the river,
Daffodils are bonny girls,
We will turn our heads to greet you,
Show you sunshine in our curls."

"Come and sing once more amongst us,
Bluebells with our merry chimes;
Pluck and shake from out our music,
Melodies to suit your rhymes."

Golden buttercups are romping
In the sun. I hear them say,
"Come, and roll amongst us, brother,
Chase your gloom and grief away."

"Come to us, and kneel beside us,
We are violets, so shy;
We can tell you something, surely,
If 'tis only with a sigh."

"Let us kiss you," says the May-bloom;
"If not sweet enough we prove,
Then we'll cover you with perfume,
Wrap you in a haze of love."

"Will you flirt, then run to catch me
Honeysuckle growing high?
I will tease, torment, and tempt you,
As to capture me you try."

"Wilt thou marry?" sighs the wild-rose,
"I am fairest of the fair;
Hasten, thou shalt have my beauty,
And my scent so sweet and rare."

"Wander with us by the mill-stream,"
Say forget-me-nots to me;
"We'll recall for you some bygone
Days of happiest memory."

"Come, confide in me," says Heartsease,
"Tell your sorrows, old and new;
I will give you sweet nepenthe,
With my tears of purest dew."

"Bow with me," sighs pensive lily,
"Whilst I bend in silent prayer;
Perfect trust and faith I'll teach you,
Constant Hope to wait and bear."

"When at last your feet are weary,
And your pathway toilsome seems,
Come," says poppy, "I will soothe you,
Lull you in the land of dreams."

I sit alone in City's gloom,
My spirit far away
Where woodland flowers wooing call;
Ah! fain would I obey.

Wild Flowers

WE can hear the mountains calling,
And the woodlands whispering low;
They are bidding us to blossom,
They are cheering us to grow.
The soft west wind is waiting,
To kiss us and caress,
And sunshine dances round us,
In loving tenderness.
You may pass us by unheeded,
You may pluck us as you will,
You will never understand us,
Or our mystery, until
You can share our merry laughter,
And feel the joy it gives,
Proclaiming our equality
With everything that lives.
Our ladened blooms are full of thoughts,
Our hearts of song and praise,
Our honeyed speech is echoed far
A'down the woodland ways.
Poor mortals, though you seem so great,
Your ideals small may be,

For all of us are but as specks
In God's Infinity.
But when our blossoms fade, and you
Obey His last command,
In sweet companionship with us,
You then will understand.

Old and New Year

THOUGHTS of the old year mingle with the new.
And I must say "Good-bye" to you, dear friend,
Who through the past have been so staunch and true,
Guiding and guarding me unto the end.
New Year, I dare not guess what you portend;
I greet you coldly, for I know you not,
My thoughts as yet have neither part nor lot
With what of good or ill your days intend.
Old Year, you pass into Eternity;
God calls you, and you go, but in my heart
Your spirit sleeps, and the sweet memory
Of all you were of me remains a part;
Let then the New Year come, its fate unfold,
And leave as bright a record as the old.

Spirit of Spring

BREATH of the Spring from a world afar,
Spirit that comforts me,
Soft as the tender shine of a star,
Filling my life with glee;
Care from my heart how it flies away,
Leaving my thoughts so bright,
Gilding my gloom with a sunny ray,
All for my soul's delight.
Blossoms with eyes that open new born,
Bathed in a diamond dew,
Thoughts of a smiling spring-day dawn,
Greet me with perfume new.
Spirit of Springtime! deep in my heart
Store thou these joys so rare,
Seal them with love so that none depart,
This is my morning pray'r.

Spring

GODDESS of Tenderness,
Gliding with fairy foot,
Charming the primrose root,
And sweet anemone,
Perfume to bring.
Freeing the butterfly,
Painting a bluer sky,
Sending the lark on high,
Bidding him sing.

Goddess of Tenderness,
Earth is awaiting thee;
Blessing thy revelry,
Youthful and frolicsome,
And welcoming
Even thy roguish ways,
Wayward uncertain days,
Gladly we make thy praise
Through the woods ring.

The Snowdrop

MODEST snowdrop, drooping low,
Hast thou vision, hearing, speech,
Hast thou aught that thou canst teach—
Simple one, speak, let me know?

"Mortal, I have vision clear,
Sense and hearing like as thou,
Who art wiser (I allow),
Yet I'll speak if thou wilt hear.

"I can see a merry band,
Dancing down each sunbeam bright,
Laughing, singing with delight
In the work they understand.

"Each falls on a tiny spot
Of the earth all damp and cold;
Shines it till it seems like gold,
In a fire that's glowing hot.

"I see rain-drops, every one
Wears a rainbow for a crown,
Which they cast away when down;
Weary now their journey done.

"I can hear wild revelry,
Bursting seeds, and buds on trees;
Music sounds in every breeze,
Singing of sweet things to be.

"Wonders round me everywhere,
The sun, the air, the earth below;
Mortal, strive not cause to know,
Bend thy head in silent prayer."

First Primrose

THE whistling wind of winter sings its song
Through hedges bare, and saddened memories
Of last year's leaves now withered seem to rise.
The great red sun comes up serene and strong,
Showing a tender primrose blossoming,
Which makes my heart beat, and my eyes grow dim
With tears of gratitude and praise to Him
Who sent this firstling of the lovely spring.
"Hast thou then come to worship all alone
In God's great temple ere the crowd pass in
And spring's full-throated chorus shall begin?
Dost think thy early prayer will best atone?
Ah! bright and gentle flow'r, I know thy voice,
Thy mission, and thy purpose, Heaven sent
By God's appointment with this blest intent,
To bid my soul to pray, my heart rejoice."

Welcome, Spring

WHEN clouds are dark and winds are chill,
And woods are bare of bud and leaf,
From 'neath the sodden soil there still
Come tender shafts that soothe our grief;
I take thee, springtime, by the hand,
Ah! see. The pretty primrose.

The sun shines forth with regal power,
The birds and bees are out among
The bursting buds that soon will flower;
The blue-bells tune their chiming song;
I kiss thee, springtime, on the brow,
Ah! list. The cuckoo calling.

Through leaves the gentle wind now breathes
A perfume-laden lullaby;
The trailing honeysuckle weaves
A garland round the wild rose tree.
I kiss thee, springtime, on the lips,
Ah! lo. The lambkins bleating.

With romp and laughter on we go
Through secret paths we know so well;
The brooklet whispers soft and low
By mossy banks and silent dell.
I kiss thee, springtime, three times three,
Ah! love. Thou'rt mine for ever.

Morn

I WATCHED the breaking day—full-flushed
With rustling wings and fair;
His dress was bright with diamond dew,
All fragrant was his hair.

He cast his gifts with cheerful hands,
To make earth's loveliness;
With dreamy smile the waking lands
Greeted their lover's kiss.

A Blade of Grass

JUST a blade of grass as dry as hay,
Whipped by the wind on a winter's day,
Crushed to the earth by a careless tread,
Man passes me by, thinking me dead.
How little he cares, how little he knows
Of the way my life's blood ebbs and flows.
Through autumn's rain, and winter's cold,
I delve in the earth for summer's gold;
Night after night, in the clear cold air,
The stars are watching me working there;
Day after day I add to my store,
As a miser counts his riches o'er.
When springtime comes and the sun's soft glow
Tempts me to rise from my work below,
I get me a fine new mantle gay,
For my spring and summer holiday.
Ready to join in frolic and fun,
Dancing with bright green leaves in the sun,
Flirt with the flowers, and play the part
Of a reckless rake with a spendthrift's heart.

Wealth I have earned, and wealth I must spend,
Careless of meaning, of purpose, or end,
Following laws far out of my ken
That make for growth both of grass and men.
Learn, witless one with the thoughtless tread,
In winter the busiest time I led;
I first must toil till I earn my pay,
The all-wise God gives nothing away.

The Birth of Spring

THE new-born spring comes forth with joyous tread,
Half clad with leaves, and flowers in her hands,
She sings the same sweet song and understands
Her mission well—it is to raise the dead.
The tombs fly open—and around is spread
New life, new love, new hope, new happiness.
They cast their cerements, each lifts its head,
The world rejuvenates to praise and bless.
I too in thankfulness bend low and pray,
Though many fond illusions have been lost,
Nipped by experience, that cruel frost
That withers all our youthful dreams away.
Still have I gained through years of changeful strife
A higher, brighter faith in the New Life.

Spring's Message

DREAR, silent woods in springtime here I see,
The trees still bare, dead leaves upon the ground,
Rough roots and tangled branches strewn around,
Tokens and spoils of winter's victory.
'Tis but a variant in God's harmony,
A note to charm us more with summer's days.
The birds e'en now are chanting forth their praise,
Waking the flowers with their minstrelsy.
"There is no death," cries every springtime bloom,
"We bring the world this pledge, God's new caress,
His gift of Love, born from dark winter's womb,
Days bright and fair to show our loveliness."
Fear not, nor doubt, the world's advance is sure,
The good, the beautiful, these will endure.

The Ploughman

THE ploughman's face is hard and rough,
As hard and rough the soil.
The wintry blasts make chill the heart,
And gentleness despoil,
The endless furrows dull the soul,
And make a weary toil.

Rough and hard are the thoughts that come,
But man must needs obey,
And learn that he who bears his fate,
Will conquer it some day;
But many a sigh that no one hears,
The wind bears far away.

So plough and harrow all day long,
For Master hard to please,
Rebellious thoughts but bring the whip,
To force us to our knees;
The ploughman he must bite his lip,
And look to death for ease.

The Ploughman

The ploughman's face is hard and rough,
But bright the share has worn,
He shades his eyes when work is done,
Sweet is the growing corn;
And sweeter still the ripened ear,
And red of harvest morn.

Plough and harrow the stubborn soil,
Whate'er thy wages be,
Though weary furrows seem so long,
Yet strive for light to see
The Master's plans are just and true,
Meant for Eternity.

A Spring Day Prayer

WE wandered forth one day in early spring—
Through silent woods and meads where wild flowers grow,—
My soul and I, to do our communing,
Alone, in peace, far from the world's wild show.
The sun shone bright through waving branches bare
On last year's leaves, that still bestrewed the ground,—
Like saddened memories in a heart of care,
Or old-time hopes that Death had caught and bound—
Thus was my heart attuned to discontent
With life's slow progress, and the soul's advance,
The daily drudgery, the night's lament
For things undone, ill-done, or left to chance.
"Oh! Spring, who once again hast come to bless
And strew with flowers the pathways of the earth,
Grant to my soul in passing one caress,
To bid it hope again for a new birth;

For strength to raise its vision to the skies,
And stimulated by thy fragrant breath,
Renew its cheerfulness, and make it wise,
To see the beautiful in Life and Death.
Such was my silent prayer, and in reply
A spirit voice spake clear and tenderly
From out a primrose plant that grew hard by.
(If only fancy, it was sweet to me.)
"Impatient mortal why should you complain?
My flower you longed, and waited for to bloom,
Its short-lived loveliness is made in pain,
Through months of travail in its bed of gloom."

Flower Song

THE spring is just beginning to sing its gladsome song,
To wake us who have slumbered throughout the winter long,
Come sunshine play around us, and feed us with thy beams,
And sprinkle us with dewdrops to chase away our dreams.
Our heads they would be nodding in laughter to and fro,
And toss about in freedom when gentle winds may blow,
So come along bright sunshine, and kindly search us out,
We peep from mossy coverts—are hiding round about—
But full of fun and frolic, enticing you to play.
Just kiss our petals softly—we will not run away,
But open bright and tender, so that our blossoms sweet,

Will break in honeyed perfume to make our offering meet
Of thankful praise and worship now spring again is here,
Once more to give us gladness, and all the world good cheer.

Primroses

MY pathway through the woods is made all gold
With primroses;
And like a miser with his wealth untold,
I gather till my hands no more can hold
Of primroses.

And every honey-bee that passes by
Hums primroses;
And every bird that sings in tree or sky,
And every leaf that buds, breaks with the cry,
Sweet primroses.

Between the half-clad boughs the sun shines through
On primroses;
And shows a golden ladder to the view,
Up which in crowds to heaven's arc of blue,
Climb primroses,

I wondering watch, and envy lovingly
Those primroses;
Hoping my prisoned soul may soon be free,
To pass from earth in raptured ecstasy,
Like primroses.

Stitchwort

ERE woods in spring are mantled o'er with green,
We note the brambles dead, the branches bare,
Leaves once so bright, now brown and withered seen,
All showing wanton Nature's riot there.
But April's sun shines brightly everywhere,
And starry blossoms send their silver rays
To light with hope anew the woodland ways,
And call us for a new life to prepare.
So when night comes remembering days misspent,
We sit with spectral memories of the past,
False aims that failed, ideals overcast;
Whence is our faith renewed and courage sent?
Poor woods so desolate—sad hearts life-worn—
Stars shine for each that Hope may still be born.

A Song of Youth

WHEN I scent the morning air,
When I hear the lark's first song,
When upon the mountain path,
Little lambs skip fast along.

When the cloudlets soft and bright
Go so gaily sailing by,
Then my soul pants to be free,
Soaring far away on high.

As the brooklet bubbles forth,
In its wild impatient zest,
Ever striving to flow on,
So doth swell my soulful breast.

Golden fancies fill my brain,
Of fair mountain peaks afar;
Hope shall lead me on my way,
Faith shall be my guiding star.

Bluebells

MY spirit all enchanted by the scene,
I lie amongst the bluebells in a wood;
Soft blue of Heaven above, around me blue.
Thin shafts of green and tender little leaves
Scarce grown enough to quiver in the breeze.
Away from sight, a choir of warbling birds,
Sing through green aisles the glories of the spring,
Whilst flowers shaken as by fairy hands
Exhale their perfume in a hymn of praise.
All Nature revels in a thankgiving,
In which my hiding soul comes forth to join.
What meaning is there in these rhythmic tones
Of color, perfume, sunshine, and sweet song?
What secret lies in this full life of flowers,
So sweet, so perfect in its ordering?
Far gentlier, more beautiful, divine,
Than man's with all his strange and wayward ways.
And yet maybe each opening blossom here
Has its distinct and individual task,
Living and working for itself alone.

Absorbed I listen. From each tiny bell
There comes a plaintive supplicating cry,
As of a soul imploring to be free,
To fly with fluttering wings and mount to Heaven.
I seem to understand that prisoned prayer
For quick deliverance, and my spirit yearns
To join in the appeal. Oh! bluebells fair,
Wise counsellors to those who search for light,
Teach us to prize thy silent eloquence;
The one great God looks down upon us all,
Whether we live as flowers or as men;
Naught know we of our far off destiny,
Save that we pass away from this fair world
Of everchanging loveliness, and rest
Awhile, as seeds sleep in the sheltering earth.
Then, reincarnated we shall awake,
How, when or where 'tis not for us to know.
Hope bids us live, for Life cannot be vain
Whilst bluebells blossom every year again;
Ring out sweet bells thy chorus of sweet song,
And help us to march hopefully along.

Bluebells

RING out sweet bells,
Bluebells! Bluebells!
Now spring is here
Thy music swells
Out bright and clear
Through woodland dells,
And so foretells
The world's good cheer.

Bright celandine, and pure anemone,
Sweet violet, and primrose—friends of thine,
All rally round to hold high revelry,
New lease of life—new love—and joy divine.

Sing out a joyous song—a'done with tears,
Sport in the sun—catch color from the skies,
Dance o'er the withered leaves of bygone years,
Forget the past, and let new hopes arise.

Chime out thy fairy music to the wind,
That it may reach those hearts made sad and chill
By stormy blasts, and fortune's ways unkind,
Revive their faith and give them courage still,

To lift thy standard with its flag unfurled,
Trumpet a marching air to cheer and bless,
Proclaim to a rejuvenated world
The promise of fair summer's loveliness.

Ring out sweet bells,
Bluebells! Bluebells!
Now spring is here
Thy music swells
Out bright and clear
Through woodland dells,
And so foretells
The world's good cheer.

Birthday Wishes

I.

THY birthday is a day of days to me,
Not only for the wishes that I send
For happiness and blessings without end—
These spring from many hearts this day to thee—
But in thy life a deeper truth I see;
A life that seemingly is always spring,
Each natal day a festival to bring
New blossoms of thy soul's bright purity
Making the world a fairy land again,
With wayside flowers, leafy woods, and song
Of happy birds, that sing the whole day long,
New gladness of the sun, and gentle rain.
Let birthdays come and go, be not afraid,
The glory of thy youth will never fade.

II.

Like some clear mountain rill which rippling slow
Past sloping meadows where the cattle graze,

Makes tuneful music—where wild flowers grow
In sylvan solitude through happy days—
With strength increasing, as its waters flow
In richer fulness passing slowly down,
Bearing fair argosies to every town,
To give men wealth and blessings to bestow;
Moving, unconscious of all doubts or fears
Towards its destiny—the boundless sea;
In grandeur growing with advancing years,
With aim and purpose always to be free:
Such is thy life, dear heart; age give thee still
Fresh charms, whilst strengthening thy steadfast will.

Inborn Joy

WE walked together on that winter's day,
'Neath leaden skies, through woods with branches bare,
By sodden paths we trudged our chosen way,
The wind it whistled us our marching air,
But in our hearts what happiness was there!
What springtime gladness, and what perfect joy,
The simple innocence of girl and boy,
Bringing us warmth and sunshine everywhere.
'Twas God's own day. The bitter wind and snow
Were fresher and purer for our hearts' content,
And came as messengers divinely sent
More blessings still upon us to bestow.
Naught seemed unkind—we parted, kissed
"Good-night,"
Remembering all—as beautiful and bright.

The Flower of Victory

FAIR is the primrose blossom, loved indeed,
Gleaned by a gentle hand in early spring,
Prized is the flower, though we scarcely heed
The root, and fair green leaves that round it ring;
These should be honored, for 'tis they that bring—
Through weary winter—by their ceaseless strife
In Nature's womb, this tender bloom to life;
Spring's herald, whose fair beauty now we sing.
So too with man, whose flower of life may mean
Wisdom or Fame! Ah! who can really say
What silent struggles are endured each day,
Ere as result their blossoms may be seen?
Without life's battle there can never be
To man, or plant, the flower of victory.

The Beauty of Love

"Love to be beautiful must live unsatisfied"

THERE is a flower that blossoms eagerly,
And if it be untouched soon runs to seed,
Fulfilling quickly all its aim and need;
Its loveliness a short lived memory.
But if its blooms be plucked, then do we see
Fresh buds spring forth with ever anxious speed;
Relays of beauteous life continuously
Hiding the wounded stems we made to bleed.
So is it with a love, whose fierce desire
Rushes to consummation, and quick death;
Whilst Love which draws a trembling, timorous breath,
And lives through pain: it loseth not its fire.
Love to be beautiful, must still be tried;
Desiring ever—yet unsatisfied.

April Sadness

SADNESS, like an April shower, cometh
Swift and strong;
Crushing all our tender flowers; stilling
All our song.
We bow our heads, but deem it all so cruel,
Hard and wrong.

Sadness, like an April shower, cometh
Unaware,
But 'twill pass, and midst the rainbow's glory,
Rich and rare,
The Sun will kiss and make our weeping flow'rs
Bright and fair.

The Rainbow

ONCE more we part, once more we say "Farewell!"
Again our lips meet in a fond "Good-bye,"
And through thy tears, dear, that I fain would quell,
I see thee smile—altho' I feel thee sigh—
And is it fancy, that in them I spy
The rainbow hues of hope we saw to-day
When clouds were passing on their stormy way,
And sunshine chased their weeping from the sky?
Dear heart when love is true—Ah! who can tell,
But it must pain as well as pleasure bear,
And like the flowers in the shady dell,
Welcome the rain, as well as sunshine there.
God gives to each the power to live and grow,
And spite of trials, at last sweet blooms to show.

Love's Fantasy

THOUGH gaily I sing my fanciful song,
Persuasive and clear,
For mortals to hear,
Many are deaf, some pass heedless along,
So few understand
My mystery, and
Scoff at my gaiety, thinking it wrong.

I sing in a dream of a golden shore,
I whisper of peace,
Of sorrow's surcease,
Where joy is lasting and craving is o'er.
I sing not in vain,
Some follow my train,
Content to be dreamers for evermore.

Mine is a happy life, bright as the air,
Come follow along,
And list to my song,
Swiftly I'll lead you away from all care;
No danger is near,
No sorrow, no fear,
For Cupid is guarding you everywhere.

Thou Shining Star

THOU shining star far in the sky,
That art so bright;
Ah! take this tear from my sad eye,
Up to thy light.

Then find, I pray, my lover dear,
Though she be far;
Let fall on her my tender tear,
Oh! kindly star.

Cupidon

DANCING gaily to and fro,
See me skip and run,
Creeping in the shadows low,
Hiding where the roses grow,
Racing in the sun.

Playing love's game everywhere,
Can you catch me? Try!
Joy's the prize for all who dare,
But, I tease as well—Beware!
Lest I make you cry.

Cupidon—My name is known,
Lord of night and day,
All the world of hearts I own;
By the passions I have sown,
Making them obey.

Well I know their bitter tears,
Yet I smile the same,
All the pain a lover bears,
Brighter afterwards appears,
Purer is love's flame.

Wounded hearts like winter dread,
Spring to life anew;
Mended with a golden thread,
Gathered in a primrose bed,
Kissed by sun and dew.

Buttercups

COME out! It is a merry morn and let us join the throng
Of Nature's happy creatures who awake the world with song;
Come out! race in the meadows, in your merry glee and fun;
Sing oh! the golden buttercups a-dancing in the sun.

And we will call the cuckoo's call, and watch the swallows fly,
And listen to the lark whose song comes to us from the sky;
Then start to wake an echo from the hills as on we run;
Sing oh! the golden buttercups a-dancing in sun.

Come out ye lads and lassies all, and gather whilst
ye may,
The posies of your springtime, too soon to fade
away,
Here is delight and happiness, enough for every-
one;
Sing oh! the golden buttercups a-dancing in the
sun.

For some may find a gentle heart to love and to be
true,
And others hearts that years have tried, can now
their love renew,
Whilst some may try again to win the love as yet
not won;
Sing oh! the golden buttercups a-dancing in the
sun.

Come out into the meadows, the springtime never
dies,
For those who hold a loving faith in Nature's
mysteries,
Though winter winds may blow some-day, of new
song need we none;
Sing oh! the golden buttercups a-dancing in the
sun.

Daisies

YOU send me daisy blossoms fair and sweet,
And beg that I will add them to my store
Of way-side flowers. Yes! I prize them more,
And press them to my heart in joy complete.
These modest flowers which in fields we meet;
That open to the sun their golden eyes
In silent worship—at our careless feet
All day their faces turn towards the skies,
At sundown, slow they close, and fairies say,
They rise to shine as stars throughout the night
In Heaven's wide fields, and shed their gentle light
Into men's souls to teach them how to pray.
Thy love of lowly daisies shall be mine,
Hoping to walk like them a path divine.

A Poet's Empire Day

MY kingdom is the woodlands,
My people are the trees,
My children are the blossoms,
The birds, and honey-bees.

The cornblades are my army,
All marching in their might,
My navy men the rain drops,
With sabres shining bright.

My flags are waving branches;
My laughter and applause
Are ripples on the sand-banks,
And breakers on the shores.

My glory is the sunshine,
My music is the wind,

My war is in the storm-clouds,
In shadows, peace I find.

My pride is in my Empire,
Of land, and sky, and sea;
My hope is in the star-shine;
My faith—Eternity.

"Little Baby-Toes"

SPRINGTIME, with her children, romping through the wood,
Laughing in the sunshine, such a merry brood;
Primroses and bluebells, happy crowds were seen,
Buttercups and daisies playing on the green;
Wind-flowers were waving white caps in the sun,
Violets were hiding far from every one.
Springtime feeling weary, rested from her care,
Letting all her children wander anywhere.
All at once—alarming—came a sudden cry,
As of bird entangled in a snare close by.
Springtime was so startled, rushed toward the call,
Saw one of her children in the meadow fall:
Meadow by the river—all so soft and wet—
"Quick! for she is sinking; lift the little pet."
Mother Springtime saved her, everybody knows,
And in muddy meadows there the cowslip grows:
So we always call it "Little Baby-Toes."

The Woodbine

IN tangled hedge, on rose bush bare,
Ere springtime comes thy leaves are there,
Sweet Woodbine,
With winter's breath still chill and keen,
Whilst scarce a sign of life is seen,
Thy trailings make a wreath of green,
Sweet Woodbine.

The crocus and the primrose die,
All withered do the bluebells lie,
Dear Woodbine,
And not till the wild roses sweet,
Are rich with perfume, do I meet
Thy blossom hiding in retreat,
Dear Woodbine.

Then in the balmy summer time,
Thy tender flowers in their prime,
Loved Woodbine,

On every bush will twine and grow,
Whilst scented clusters all aglow,
The incense-laden breezes blow,
Loved Woodbine.

When fluttering leaves of autumn fade,
Thy brightness cheers the russet glade,
Lone Woodbine,
With all thy fair companions dead,
The frost prepares thy funeral bed,
With ivy-leaves and berries red,
Lone Woodbine.

Some call thee by another name,
"Sweet Honeysuckle"—yet the same
Bright Woodbine.
And through the year thou art to me,
By either name a memory
Of sweetness, light, and revelry,
Bright Woodbine.

The Dead Thrush

I WANDERED in the woods at eventide
To gather flowers.—And the bluebells there,
And white anemones—bright starry-eyed—
Bent low their head as if in silent prayer.
What sadness can be here, with all so fair,
And fresh with springtime's glory? What can be
This sense of sorrow stealing over me,
This hush of strange foreboding everywhere?
'Tis here—the cause. Ah! sight of grief and pain;
A fledgling thrush, amidst the flowers, lies dead.
Toll solemnly sweet bluebells thy refrain,
And as I pass, I, too, bow low my head;
Whilst God's anemones—stars soft and bright—
Whisper of peace and rest for all to-night.

Stars of Bethlehem

THE silver "Stars of Bethlehem" shine by the tangled way,
That leads to woods of violets, of primroses, and may,
And as I walk—as oft before—amidst the dewy grass,
I gaze upon them lovingly as silently I pass
To gather posies once again—the earliest of the spring,
And worship as I love to do their Maker, and their King.
I bring no myrrh, or frankincense, no gifts of gems or gold,
Only a heart of thankfulness, with petals that unfold
As quietly as flowers do—whose feelings none can know—
When to the sun they lift their heads their blossoms all aglow,

With lighted incense rising in perfume through the air;
So I in simple song pour out a thought of praise and prayer.

Envoi.

With wealth of flowers gathered, I wander home once more,
And silver "Stars of Bethlehem" are mingled with my store.

My Cloudlet

OH! small white cloud with downy wings,
Far up in heaven's blue;
A bird of Paradise art thou,
Fed by the sun and dew.

Unconscious of our toil and strife
Thou floatest calmly by,
As in our City's streets we see
A strayed white butterfly.

Thy song mounts up to realms above,
But echoes here below,
Oh! small white cloud that passeth by,
Let me thy message know.

Some say thou art a soulless thing,
Formed from the common air;
But others see with clearer eyes,
And find God everywhere.

God made, God sent, God guideth thee
His laws thou must obey,
As we, who watch thee wonderingly,
And like thee fade away.

Speedwell

FAIRY blossom—eye of blue,
Speedwell is thy name,
Borrowing the heavens hue,
Midst spring clover peeping through;
What then is thy fame?

"Maybe as you pass me by,
I am nothing worth,
But I see with my small eye
God's own face in yon blue sky
Smiling down on earth."

"And with language plain and clear
I can truly say
Thanks, dear God, that I am here,
Living, loving without fear
On this sunny day."

White Campions

ALL yellow and bare is the stubble-field,
Now the harvest work is done;
And the stacks stand high 'gainst the glowing sky
At the setting of the sun.

The master leans on the orchard gate;
In their stalls, his horses lie;
As the gleaners stray, they bend on their way,
And the lazy rooks drift by.

A soothing calm is over the scene,
Good labor has earned its rest;
The striving and strain of body and brain,
Now find their efforts are blest.

As the workers work, and the gleaners glean,
So their wages true shall be,
But the song I sing (just a trifling thing)
What harvest can come to me?

On the stubble-field there is one crop more,
That my song and I can greet,
For I gather there, white campions rare,
With their evening perfume sweet.

The Field Pea

BORN to a world where laws seem so unkind,
Making thee grovel in the stony earth,
With blooms all sunless, soiled and little worth,
How wondrous is the guidance of that mind
That prompts thee stretch thy tendrils forth to bind
Those of thy comrades, and with effort great
Raise each and all, resisting cruel fate,—
Giving thy leaves and flowers sun and wind.
Ah! greatest blessing for us all to know
Only by helping others on their way
Can we too raise ourselves from day to day,
Making our soul's weak blossoms nobler grow.
Man becomes wiser learning Nature's schemes,
Watching her practice what he only dreams.

Envoie

Sweetheart, hold close to me and grasp my hand
So that in purer faith and love we stand.

Butterfly

SAID butterfly (whose silken wings
Last but a day);
I joy to live with gentle things—
Bright flowers, songs, and whisperings
In sunshine gay.

My thoughts are mingled in a haze
Of mystery,
Ideals and fancies charm my days,
My soul in dance and laughter plays,
All pure and free.

I flutter on, I know not where,
With many a scent
Of blossoms floating through the air,
Such ever-present joys I share,
And am content.

At last from all my play I rest,
So tired I seem;
With sweetest memories caressed,
Upon a fairy flower's breast
I sleep and dream.

Dreams

I WANDER midst the flowers at eve,
In the moon's dreamy light
I sing a tender little song,
Into the starry night.

I hear a fountain's silver voice,
Murmur'ng fairy tales,
I dream of leafy shades, of stars,
And of the nightingales.

The Willows

TWO willows side by side grow by the stream
With roots and branches mingled lovingly,
The sunbeams through them gaily dance and gleam,
To gentle music made by bird and bee.

Thus fondly close together on they fare,
Companions, lovers, through each season's change;
Their joys and sorrows equally they share,
Fear cannot separate nor doubt estrange.

Whilst all unconsciously their boughs low bend
Toward the stream, as if their souls desired
To hear the river's song unto the end,
Mysterious music, fateful and inspired.

Ah! River of Time that passes along,
What is the meaning of thy sweet song?

But list'ning, little can they hear or know,
Except the echoes of their hopes and fears;
Their tender leaves grow sere and fall below,
Drifting away like thoughts, or smiles, or tears.

Yet nearer still toward the flowing tide
Their branches grow with waving tendrils bright,
Whose fair reflection makes them satisfied,
With a redoubled beauty and delight.

So year by year do these fond willow trees
Over the murmuring river droop and swing
With boughs entwined, against a stormy breeze,
As closer too their roots together cling.

Ah! River of Time that passes along,
What is the meaning of thy sweet song?

What thoughts are theirs? We mortals cannot tell;
Maybe they fear no future, know no past.
Or has the mystic song they learned so well
Thus taught them that their Love will always last?

Ah! River of Life, flow on to the sea,
Still murmur thy song for Eternity.

Flower Song

LITTLE flower I am
In the forest glade,
Giant trees around me,
I beneath their shade.

Bramble, thorn, and nettle,
Tangled grass so tall,
Threaten me and frighten,
For I am so small.

Yet I live and blossom
Hardly knowing why,
Feeling that I wish to
Live, and not to die.

Breezes softly fan me,
I am fed on dew,
Mixed with cheerful sunshine,
Which come tumbling through.

Trembling leaves and branches
Long way up above,
Where the birds are singing
All day of their love.

When my dainty petals
Gently close in sleep,
Shining stars from Heaven
Through the tree-tops peep.

See me all so quiet,
Watch me through the night,
Go to God at daybreak,
For the morning light.

Then my scented fountain
Soon sends up its spray,
Bees come forth to greet me,
Some come round in play.

Most of them are robbers,
Giving me much pain,
Stealing precious honey,
Hard to get again.

But my gentle lover
Only makes me sigh,
She but comes to kiss me,
Sweetheart Butterfly.

Glowworms

BESIDE the waters of the Rhine—
Where mighty rocks their shadows make—
We lingered in the evening's wake
To seek the glowworms' silvery shine
At dear St. Goar.

When night time fell, and day had gone,
We slowly traced our homeward way,
The shimmering stars—why even they,
Like glowworms in the heavens shone
At dear St. Goar.

And as we watched the flowing tide,
Through fading light the casements gleamed;
Their lights across the water seemed
Like glowworms on the other side
At dear St. Goar.

And yet another glad surprise
Was mine, when her soft hand I took,
My lover blessed me with a look—
Like glowworms bright were her sweet eyes
At dear St. Goar.

To ——

WHAT can I say to thee, my dearest one,
On this thy birthday morn? Mere words are vain,
If after all that I have said and done,
I still unworthy in thy sight remain.
If it be so—Too bitter is the pain—
Yet something from my heart I here would say,
To give thee pleasure on thy natal day,
And draw a smile of thanks just once again.
Know then, sweetheart, so wondrous is thy sway,
That in thy presence joy ne'er seems to pall,
Thy soul spreads such new pleasures on our way,
It makes each step a birthday for us all,
Wherein life springs anew from sadness free,
With Sunshine, Love, and Hope that come from thee.

Renewal

WHY should I fear the tempest, and the rain,
The wind that howls like demons in distress,
The black clouds rolling o'er the angry main,
The night's weird shadows, and my loneliness?
Have I not suffered in the storm and stress
Of war with self, in which my soul was shorn
Of lofty ideals, leaving Hope forlorn,
And wildly yearning for a fond caress?
This tempest soothes me with a new content,
The dawn, maybe, will break with peaceful skies,
And Faith once more will paint with clear intent
The thorny pathway to my paradise.
The patient stars behind the clouds still shine,
Like her dear eyes that ever seek for mine.

The Soul of the Dew

FROM a lark's last hymn,
In the sunset dim,
God fashioned a dewdrop bright;
And it sank to rest
In a rose-leaf nest,
And dreamed of the warm sunlight.

Through the summer air
A sweet-scented prayer
Was breathed from the tender rose;
As the stars on high
In the midnight sky
Kept guard o'er the world's repose.

When the full morn broke,
And the earth awoke,
The dewdrop had passed away;
But a sunbeam's song
Echoed clear and strong,
Through the fields and woods that day.

Let us go a-Rosing

LET others live in city's roar,
And run a race for wealth—
Though if they gain a goodly store,
They oft times lose their health:—
Come out with me into the fields,
For summer has begun,
Her boundless wealth fair Nature yields,
And health for every one.
Let us go a-rosing, a-rosing, a-rosing,
Let us go a-rosing, and revel in the sun.

Let others vaunt the beaded wine,
In gourmand's fare delight;
May good digestion as they dine,
Wait on their appetite;
But in the woods 'tis better far,
To wander all the day,
There's naught your perfect joy to mar,
But all to make you gay.
Let us go a-rosing, a-rosing, a-rosing,
Let us go a-rosing, and gather whilst we may.

Though some may boast the friends they make,
With folk of high degree,
And falsely live for fashion's sake,
In gilded gaiety;
The woods are where the fairies dwell,
And to us all will bring,
The scented blooms from every dell,
As friendship's offering.
Let us go a-rosing, a-rosing, a-rosing,
Let us go a-rosing, and bind them up with string.

There's happiness where love doth reign
'Tis true;—but then we know,
As deep as love may be,—the pain
May deeper—deeper go.
So if you wish a joyous heart,
In woods and meadows keep,
The briar's thorns may give us smart,
But will not make us weep.
Let us go a-rosing, a-rosing, a-rosing,
Let us go a-rosing, no wounds we get are deep.

The Pinewoods

THERE'S joy amongst the buttercups, the bluebells and the may,
And little children gathering their posies bright and gay,
With merry laughter echoing as through the meads they stray;—
Give me the silent pinewoods where the gentle fairies play.

The brook may make its music as it swiftly babbles by,
The nightingale may warble still her lovesick lullaby,
And man, and maid, may vow the vows of love that ne'er can die;—
Give me the silent pinewoods where the listening fairies sigh.

There's joy in every cuckoo's call, that heralds in the spring,

In every skylark's happy song, when poised on fluttering wing,
And sweet the hum of murmuring bees, as home their stores they bring ;—
Give me the silent pinewoods where the hidden fairies sing.

Give me the silent pinewoods, and my thoughts of those I love.
Give me the silent pinewoods, and there's joy for me enough.
Give me the silent pinewoods, when the tender breezes blow,
And the fairies on the tree-tops are whispering soft and low.

Good-Bye, Summer

THE fields are dreary, and the autumn wind
Tears through the woods—all beaten with
the rain—
Scatters the frightened leaves until they find
In huddled heaps a deathly peace again.
Good-bye, sweet summer-time, I know 'tis vain
To weep disconsolate now thou art gone,
Ah! give me some kind comfort to atone
Thy loss, that wracks my soul with bitter pain;
My footsteps wander where in early May,
In rich profusion all the wild-flowers grew,
And as I brush the sodden leaves away,
A bright surprise and token glads my view,
A thin green shaft, a primrose leaf I spy,
Its slender finger pointing to the sky.

The Harvest Moon

SING Hey! for the harvest moon,
Shining in heaven's dome;
Our beacon bright,
Our guiding light,
Welcome our harvest home.

Harvest of waving ripened grain,
Won by the labor'r's steadfast toil,
Reaping, we gather once again
Gifts of the ever fruitful soil.
Bounteous yield of corn and fruit,
Carry them home with joy and praise,
Splendid fulness of stem and root,
Wealth and cheer for the future days.

Sing Hey! for the harvest moon,
Shining in heaven's dome;
Our beacon bright,
Our guiding light,
Welcome our harvest moon.

Harvest of thoughts, of hopes, and fears,
Records of deeds now past and gone;
God knows our toil, our joys, our tears,
Sheaved and garnered by Him alone.
Bright moon, whose beams bless every field,
Whose tranquil light gives peace to me,
Grant one grain of my scanty yield
Be fit to store for Eternity.

Sing Hey! for the harvest moon,
Shining in heaven's dome;
On God's high road
We bear our load,
Bringing our harvest home.

A Harvest Thanksgiving

I PASS the church porch whence the people bring
Fruits of the harvest for a festival,
Corn, fruit, and flower, a goodly show of all—
I hear their song of praise and thanksgiving,
What joy their hearts must feel as thus they sing,
Whilst I walk past with thoughts of all the years,
And God's great patience over everything,
Bringing me safely through my doubts and fears
Of spring- and summer-time of life. Now seed
And flower have to fruit-time come,
What harvest can I show of word and deed,
Worth thy acceptance, Lord, for harvest home?
My tares and weeds are many, but between
Some tender blooms may yet by Thee be seen.

Cupid and the Wild Rose

GAY Cupid flew into my dreams one day,
His head and wings all golden as the sun;
Trailing about him were blue silken bands—
Like strips of cloud torn from a summer sky.
Smiling, he held aloft a sweet wild rose,
Quartered with four pink petals, each one shaped
As is the human heart; the centre gold
Which gleamed and quivered as its perfume shed
A dreamy haze that o'er my senses stole.
I heard his voice more musical than song:—
"I carry here the seasons of the year,
Which will you choose? Each has a meaning clear.
See, this is Spring: bright youthfulness it gives;
Summer comes next, and passion in it lives;
At Autumn's call, in wisdom you shall shine,
And Winter's gift is purity divine."
He paused—I silence kept, and listen'd till
I heard his voice more tender speak again.
"If Spring and youthfulness is your desire,
Then joy is there, nor need your soul aspire.

For Summer and its passion should you speak,
Then you are fated for a Throne to seek;
For Autumn's wisdom, pray you ask me not,
Dissatisfaction then will be your lot.
In Winter's purity, naught else appears
Than that your Fate will oft be dimmed with tears."

Ah! Cupid, give me Springtime, and its play,
Renew my youthfulness from day to day.

Golden Thoughts

GOLDEN thoughts are precious,
Golden thoughts are rare,
Cherish them with gladness,
Treasure them with care.

Memories of past days,
Hopes of days unborn,
Longings that the soul has,
For a brighter dawn.

Thoughts how prayers were answered,
Thoughts of things that bless,
Flowers and the sunshine,
Love and tenderness.

Hold them fast and keep them,
Golden gifts are they,
Lock them in thy bosom,
Lest they fly away.

The Star and the Maid

IN the garden that God tends every night,
Where the stars are flowers divine,
Like an opening bud that strives for the light,
A baby star longed to shine.

Said a gentle voice, "Be still, not yet,
You must wait and patient be,
My dear little star, you must not forget
You'll shine in Eternity."

"In my field of stars I have great and small,
And give them a work to do,
And I know what is best for each and all
In lighting the ages through."

In the stilly eve, there wandered a maid,
Her heart as the dew was bright,
With passionate wish she fervently prayed
For a star to lead her right.

O'er the flow'rs asleep in the hush of night,
God sent a star from above,
To bear to the maiden in its soft light,
His message of peace and love.

Through the fragrant air o'er the flow'rs at rest,
The star angel said, "I come
From the garden of God where blooms are best,
To guide thee in safety Home."

Memories

I WATCH the autumn leaves around me fall,
The rich ripe golden leaves whose work is done,
Except to flutter down and make a pall
For beauteous summer-time, now dead and gone.
I sigh, though thoughts of sadness I have none,
For round me now there shines a golden ray,
And every leaf I look on seems to say,
"For you 'tis always springtime, favored one."
My thoughts bring tears of silent ecstasy,
In whispering tones the gentle zephyrs play,
Filling my soul with thanksgiving to Thee
Who sendeth springtime on an autumn day.
Beneath the fallen leaves the flowers sleep;
These tears express a joy divine and deep.

Peace

JUST a whisper from the trees,
Just a droning of the bees,
And a stream
Murmuring like a little child,
By some fairy tale beguiled
In a dream.

Where the nightingale sighs
As the sun in glory dies
O'er the hill;
Flowers rock themselves to sleep,
And the stars their vigil keep,
Patient still.

All the fever and the fret
Of the world to quite forget
I am fain.
May this peace my heart control,
And give comfort to my soul
Once again.

Autumn Leaves

AUTUMN leaves are falling
Softly, one by one,
Rich in all their beauty,
Gained in life now done.
Summer angels flying
Back to earth again,
Weary of their working
In the sun and rain.
Nestling down, and creeping
In their beds; they lie,
Whispering songs of winter
As they fade and die.

Autumn leaves are falling,
Keeping warm the earth,
Comforting spring flowers,
Guarding them till birth.
"Rest then, pretty flowers,
We are here to keep

Thee from bitter snowstorms,
In thy winter sleep."
Autumn leaves are falling,
Life for self is dead,
But a nobler mission
Now is theirs instead.

Constancy

HOW I have loved the springtime none can tell ;
The pale anemone, the violet blue,
The early primrose, and the sweet bluebell,
The leaves, and e'en the tender grass that grew
In meads and vale ; the sunshine and the dew,
The lark that gaily sings his roundelay,
The far off cuckoo calling through the day,
The joyousness of life all young and new,
That lifted up my heart with loving glow
For wondrous gifts that God bestowed on me,
And made a lasting part of life to flow
On Time's deep stream into Eternity ;
Wherein reflected, earth's pure joys will shine
In memory's mirror—perfected—divine.

But autumn now is here with falling leaves,
Old, sad and withered, weather-beaten things,
Whilst skies are weeping, and all Nature grieves
In cheerless gloom. Awake ! get thee new wings,
My halting muse, and fresh imaginings.

Cry through the stormy wind this love of mine
For these old tattered leaves—"Weep not nor pine,
Thy springtime lover still is true, and clings
With joy redoubled to thee, aged and frail,
I fold thee to my bosom, kiss thee more,
With tender passion time can ne'er assail."
Now youth has passed, give me the weak and poor
Made wise by toil, and scarred in life's rough way,
I'll love and tend them till my dying day.

Envoie

Perchance in my fond kiss there may remain
A breath of springtime to give hope again.

Love ne'er is Lost

THE forest weeps, and sheds for tears its leaves,
Whilst swaying branches shiver bare and lone,
Through which a voice lamenting wails and grieves
For loss of summer's happy days, now flown.
I think I know the meaning of thy moan,
Sad trees, now robbed of all that made thee blessed,
Thy glory gone, thy misery expressed
By desolation—where thy beauty shone.

Yet be consoled, dear forest trees so bare,
Thy effort and thy life were not in vain,
Now to the earth thy leaves return again
To hide and nourish tender rootlets there.
Love ne'er is lost; by secret ways and sure
It must return to bless and to endure.

Memory Bells

WHAT so sweet, or what so tender,
As the chimes of Mem'ry dear,
Sounding still their notes of gladness,
Whispering softly faint but clear,
Of past joys still unforgotten
Loving words we yet can hear.

In the silence of the gloaming,
Fairy music round us swells,
Harmonies well known and cherished,
That of past enchantment tells;
Making old thoughts fresh and precious
Ah! ring out sweet Memory-bells.

Passion

THE rippling stream, the river's flowing tide,
Each have their special charm most dear to me.
For when they reach the mighty ocean wide,
Their spirits open to its majesty
And thrill with new and lofty ecstasy,
As salt spray stings and wakens in their life
The summons to a greater, nobler strife,
The passioned tumult of a raging sea.
So when as now I watch this peaceful shore,
When wavelets gambol as in sweet pretence,
I think of angry storms and oceans' roar,
With bended knee in fear and reverence.
Not by its seeming calm the sea I test,
But by the power of passion in its breast.

When youth runs gaily through its pastured way,
With springtime hedgerows flow'ring pleasantly,
Calm is the soul, and innocent the day
Of life's hard trials that are sure to be.
Along the upward path what change we see;

The road of toil with clouds of doubt and tears,
Of disappointed hopes, and chilling fears,
And passion's overpowering mastery.
So many fall, crushed down in dire despair,
But when the soul is strong, great deeds are done,
Courage to fight and patience still to bear.
The prize—a clearer faith by battle won.
The higher aim the greater is the toll,
Our passion is the measure of our soul.

A Farewell

FAREWELL, my own beloved!
And as I weep alone, my burning tears
Mingle with thy last kisses—ah! so sweet,
That still are wet upon my lips, dear heart,
Farewell.

Farewell, my tender flower!
I kiss the token that thou gavest me,
A blossom that upon thy breast has lain.
It fades—but its sweet spirit lives in me,
Farewell.

Farewell, light of my life!
Lonely I pass into the dark away,
With doleful thoughts, whilst yet I pray for thee,
And lo! to cheer me God's bright stars appear,
Farewell.

Farewell! Weep not, dear heart,
Our parting shall teach patience. Days will come
When with redoubled joy our hearts will beat
Close—close together. So live on and hope.
Farewell.

Autumn Dance

No. 1

DANCE! whilst Autumn leaves are falling,
Lack-a-day, ah! lack-a-day;
Springtime joys are past recalling,
Fading fast they drift away.

Dance! a melancholy measure,
Lack-a-day, ah! lack-a-day;
Life has lost its zest and pleasure,
Flowers fade and leaves decay.

Dance! with heart all sad and dreary,
Lack-a-day, ah! lack-a-day;
Love has flown, and I'm a-weary,
In the Autumn gloom to stay.

Dance! as Autumn leaves are dancing,
Lack-a-day, ah! lack-a-day;
Full of fear at death advancing,
Rest, for only rest I pray.

Autumn Dance

No. 2

DANCE! whilst Autumn leaves are falling,
Laugh the clouds away;
Though December now is calling,
Keep your soul in May.

Dance! for springtime ceases never
If the soul be pure;
Hearts do neither change nor sever
If the faith is sure.

Dance! though Death may come to-morrow,
Laugh to Heaven above;
Dance down selfishness and sorrow,
Live your life with Love.

Autumn

AUTUMN, in her russet gown,
Strews her treasures, gold and brown,
O'er the woodland paths along,
And the redbreast sings his song.

Autumn, with a queenly air,
Gives us all her riches rare;
All the glories of the sun;
All the honours she has won.

Autumn smiles, as on her way,
Clad in beauty, gravely gay;
Generous, till all has gone,
And her loving work is done.

Autumn sleeps in peace at last,
Leaving memories of the past.
Others now must work begin,
Others now must honours win.

The Caves at Swanage

YE mighty rocks, so grand and weird,
Great Nature's wild magnificence,
We gaze on thee in awe—afeard—
And realize our impotence.

Companioned only by the waves,
That make their giant melody
About thy feet and through thy caves,
Like echoes of Eternity.

Oh! God! if Thou this scene hast set,
The grandeur of Thy strength to prove;
Thou dost not even here forget
A token of thy shelt'ring love;

For 'twixt the threat'ning rocks so bare,
Lo! trustingly, without alarm,
A tender plant grows nestling there,
Blessed, and protected from all harm.

In Memoriam

CHARLES LOUNSBURY

A Strange Document

Madman's Pathetic Will

THE last will and testament of a gentleman named Charles Lounsbury, who recently died at the Sunning Insane Asylum in Illinois, has just been published. It is a remarkable document, calculated to remind us that there are some riches in the world which are the heritage of us all. The instrument contains the following passages :—

"My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal ; but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath. I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, all quaint, pet names and endearments ; and I charge the said parents to use them generously as the needs of the children require. I leave the children, for the term of their childhood, the flowers, fields, blossoms, and woods, with the right to play among them freely, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. I devise to the children the banks, the brooks, and the golden sands beneath waters thereof, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees ; and I leave to the children long, long days to be merry in, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at.

"I devise to the boys jointly all the useful idle fields, all the pleasant waters where one may swim, all the

streams where one may fish or where, when winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. The meadows, with the clover, blossoms, and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, squirrels, birds, echoes, and strange noises, all the distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. I give to the said boys each his own place by the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any encumbrance or care.

"To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as stars, sky, red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire. To young men all boisterous and inspiriting sports and rivalry, and I give them disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. I give them power to make lasting friendships, possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses.

"And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave memory, and bequeath them the volumes of the poems of Burns, Shakespeare, and other poets, if there be others, to live over their old days again without tithe.

"To the loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath happiness, old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

The Daily Telegraph, April 23rd, 1907.

DEAR kindred soul all peaceful be thy sleep,
Away from worldly worry, strife and strain;
Unworthy they who vainly strove to keep
Thy spirit chained—and labelled thee insane.
Thy death has proved thou did'st not live in vain,
For thou hast left a legacy to all,
That cannot wither, and can never pall;
For those who use it will new riches gain.
Thou giv'st to each a power to realize
There is a greater wealth than mines of gold,
And in fair Nature's bounty gifts untold
Of love and gentleness; The Noblest prize.
I hail thee, Brother—bid thee fond adieu,
The callous world indeed was mad—Not you.

In Memoriam

W.G.

September 27th, 1906

'TIS autumn, and the slowly falling leaves,
Rich with their gold and crimson, dark and deep,
Glist'ning with frost earth silently receives,
And wraps them soothingly in Death's calm sleep.
Sadly we sit, and solemn vigil keep;
Reflecting on their birth, their growth, their fall;
Symbolical as emblems to us all
Who wondering gain fresh faith, and cease to weep.
Each fallen leaf has done its fated task,
Though small and worthless it may seem to be,
Yet with results that live eternally,
But how, or where, is not for us to ask.
Sweet autumn soon will change to winter dread,
Though joy we lose, spring hope we gain instead.

So passes our dear father to his rest,
  Like some ripe autumn leaf whose work is done;
Hoary with years, and weary with the zest
  Of toil and struggle that through life has shone.
  Good-bye! Good-bye! our brave and noble one.
Why should we grieve? our tears they should not
  flow;
There is no sorrow on the road you go;
  No judgment that your conscience needs to shun.
Beside your grave we stand with saddened eyes—
  And watch the falling leaves—see branches
    bare—
  Our upward gaze meets sunshine bright and fair,
Earnest of light and life that never dies.
The tree lives still; only its leaves decay;
The body rests, the soul speeds on its way.

In Memoriam

M.A.G.

February 12th, 1897

DARK February days, made darker still,
Because our eyes are dimmed with falling tears,
God grant us resignation to His will,
That leaves us desolate for future years.
Rest to thee, Mother dear, thy work is done;
And those thou leav'st behind must say "Good-bye."
Our saddened hearts are full, and though we sigh,
We know thy life its certain peace hath won.
Death had for thee no conscious pangs or fears,
For thou wert blessed to live to honored age,
When faith is strengthened and the vision clears,
For sight beyond the range of earth's small stage.
Dark days and doubting thoughts will not remain.
There comes a time when all shall live again.

"At Evening Time it shall be Light"

To W. B. Leader's picture

THE day of storm and stress has passed,
And left the weary earth at rest,
The wind-tossed trees are still at last,
The sun sinks slow into the west,
And sends a glow of warmth again,
To cheer the world, and make it bright,
There still is joy—Life is not vain;
"At evening time it shall be light."

When spring is but a memory,
And summer too has left us lone,
We watch the tender flowers die,
And hear the northwind make its moan,
To warn us of drear winter days,
But leafy woods still bless our sight,
With autumn's golden tints ablaze;
"At evening time it shall be light."

So too when youth's fierce passions rage,
We strive in a poor purblind way,
To read the riddle of our age,
And grasp the Joys that will not stay:
'Tis only by experience bought,
Through struggle in the daily fight,
We realise with ripened thought,
"At evening time it shall be light."

Blessings

WE praise our God from whom all blessings flow;
But in our heart of hearts we humbly crave
Only the sweets of life He will bestow,
And from all pains and penalties us save.
Fools that we are! Such thoughts do but enslave
Our reason. Better we not praise at all
Unless we praise whatever may befall;
Who knows what blessings are that we should have?
God, is a God to bless, and not to curse;
We all might see, were not our eyes so dim;
And whether joy He gives, or the reverse,
Repeat with Job: "Yet will I trust in Him."
The wounded blossom crushed into the sod
Still sends its perfume, whilst it lives,—to God.

The Pilot

I STRAY upon a lonely strand,
And night comes creeping o'er the sea,
A demon, so it seems to me,
Breathing a fog on every hand.

And ghostly beings come and go,
With bent heads covered as with shrouds;
They float away, in misty clouds
That hide the light-ship's tiny glow,

And blur the stars o'er heaven spread.
The sailor's heart is filled with fear,
Lest on the cruel rocks he steer;
What saves him from such danger dread?

Hark! Hark! the sad fog-syren call,
Monotonous, and doleful cry
Of smothered pain, or long-drawn sigh,
As from a spirit in its fall,

That moans forlorn in its distress;
The sea-bird laughs, but in my heart
That mournful sound finds counterpart,
And echo of my helplessness.

My soul, like that frail bark at sea,
All closed around with mist and night,
Cries to its Pilot for the light
To guide it to Eternity.

A Reverie

TWO blossoms on a silver stream
Drifting along they know not where,
Meet, and then kiss as in a dream,
Of fate and purpose unaware.

Their fragrance mingles, and a thrill
Binds each as with a hidden band,
Their throbbing hearts swell to fulfil
The love they do not understand.

So when fair youth and passion meet,
And lofty ideals point the way,
The tender words, the glances sweet,
The dreams we dream, the prayers we pray,

Are but our craving for the light;
Hopes and desires that cheer us on
With broken thoughts, uncertain sight,
All to be perfected anon.

ENVOIE

The soul in earthly form is cast,
And fashioned slowly by God's laws,
'Tis only when made free at last,
'Twill know its destiny and cause.

Consolation

THE rain and wind beat down upon the trees,
(Tearing their leaves away as if in spite,)
To show them naked to fell winter's might,
Whose coming will their very life-blood freeze.
Adieu ! to all sweet summer's revelries
And joy. But should we therefore fret and sigh?
For winter's frosts are not our enemies;
Without them how could spring come by and bye?
So rest consoled, dear heart; love cannot last
Without dark days of doubt and jealousy.
Though stripped and bare of joy life seem to be,
Our love grows stronger for the trials past.
The sun will shine, New Hope will soothe our pain,
And tender leaves of joy will grow again.

Silence and Rest

TWIN sister Queens, Silence and Rest make reign,
Amidst all sylvan solitudes, and they
Have two handmaids, one grave, the other gay,
Who follow bearing each a royal train,
And quietly they roam their wide domain.
And as they pass a melody is stirred—
A tender, soft, ethereal refrain
As scarce a human wayfarer has heard.
I was alone as they passed by one day,
And feared dull thoughts would come, but smiling sweet
The happy maids threw flowers at my feet,
And sunshine in my face as if to say
"With virtue in your heart, Truth there will spring,
Silence and Rest, then joy will ever bring."

Broken Idols

GRIEVE not for idols shattered and broken,
Aims that were crushed, and false hopes that are dead,
Rest thee content, with Faith as a token,
Giving thee patience and courage instead.

What may seem now despair and disaster,
Teaches that all earthly idols must fall,
Bend the knee humbly, God is our Master,
Idols are worthless. Thy Faith must be all.

Shine, Silver Stars

SHINE, Silver Stars,
Whilst I keep lonely vigil in thy sight;
Oh! hear my prayer, dear angels of the night.

Give peace to those I love that in their sleep,
They feel God's eyes are ever watching there,
Constant, and never resting, full of care
Whilst theirs are closed in soothing slumbers deep.
Shine, Silver Stars.

To mariners amidst the bitter spray
Of foreign seas on which they bravely roam,
Wake happy memories of their cottage home,
And daisied meadows where their children play.
Shine, Silver Stars.

Let thy bright beams as raindrops cool and pure,
Light on the hearts that suffer in distress,
Allay their anguish with thy tenderness,
Their grief and passion with thy patience cure.
Shine, Silver Stars.

When lovers wander o'er the meads so still,
And half in fear their lips all trembling meet,
Appear like beauteous bridal blossoms sweet,
Illume their hopes, but guard them from all ill,
Shine, Silver Stars.

Let poets—artists—(nobles of the earth)
Look on thee, as through peepholes in the sky,
And drawing inspiration from on high,
Shape all their thoughts to everlasting worth.
Shine, Silver Stars.

And whilst I bow my head and pray to thee
For mine own self. Let thy swift shafts of light,
Like arrows pierce my heart, that this hard fight,
'Twixt soul and body, cease, and set me free.
Shine, Silver Stars.

The Danube by Ingolstadt (at Even)

FROM "Gasthaus" stench and stony street, away
Past squads of soldiers, chattering "fraus," and noise
Of laughter from the half-clad girls and boys,
To where the silent river flows, I stray.
Oh! mighty stream, whose awe-inspiring sway
Is felt through many lands, I fain would kneel,
And in communion with thy spirit pray,
Unbosoming the mystic thought I feel.
"Strong soul as wild and turbulent as mine,
Careless of all who bless thee, or who hate;
And knowing not thy life's law or thy fate,
Fulfilling yet thy destiny divine,
Let me too learn thy calm;—like yon bright star,
Gazing in peace upon thee from afar."

Fairy Voices

THERE are fairies, gentle fairies, whispering to us every day,
And they who love to listen can hear everything they say.

When the breeze sighs soft and low,
O'er the meads where cowslips grow,
In the silent glade,
With its leafy shade,
Where the primrose loves to blow,

In the long grass as you lie,
And you watch the clouds on high,
Low murmurings clear
Of fairies you hear,
As merrily they go by.

When the shades of evening light
Hide the tender flowers from sight,
When the sun has gone,
And we gaze alone
At stars that jewel the night;

When a leaf is scarcely stirred,
And at rest is every bird,
Then the fairies roam
From their secret home,
And whispers of love are heard.

Golden Dreams

GOLDEN dreams come dancing
Ever through my brain.
Soothing me to silence,
Quieting my pain.
Fairy voices singing
From a world unseen,
Whilst I sit and wonder
What their songs may mean.
Softly playing round me,
Heavenly charm they bring,
Open'ng thoughts like flowers
In the early spring.
"Little fairies listen'ng,
All my thoughts you know,
Happiness you bring me,
Pray thee do not go.
Strew my path with flowers,
Drowse me with thy beams,
Give me all my life long
Happy Golden Dreams."

Speech

"Speech cannot match the meaning which looks in an hour of emotion from the eyes of a friend. But what we learn from that gaze is indefinable and incommunicable."—Myers.

OH! human speech, how incomplete and weak;
Meagre thy meaning passed from mind to mind,
Speaking half-truths, and leaving us to seek
The thought which lies—intentioned—far behind.
Though language flourishes it fails to find
Expression for emotions that may rise
At some sweet moment to the loving eyes
Of our dear friend whose very glance can bind
Our souls together in a firm embrace,
Full of such happiness as Gods must prize.
Words fail—but in remembrance glad we trace
A tone of harmony that never dies.
By speech our highest thoughts are never shown,
The soul's expression is the eye alone.

The Tide

I WATCH the sea's incoming stealthy tide,
And mark the sun's slow length'ning shadows fall
On rocks, each like a coffin with its pall
Of dark dank seaweed hanging either side.
A woeful thought burns in my brain; do I
See in this scene the reflex of my life,
My sins' sad toll of tears and misery,
The wreckage of my years in battle's strife?

Blood red the sun goes down into the deep,
Beneath the rising tide the rocks soon lie,
The night clouds spread their wings across the sky,
And patient stars their silent vigil keep.
So time will pass and all its records be
Absorbed at last in God's Eternity.

A Ballad of Dead Leaves

WHEN the buds of the primrose and crocus were new,
And the robin was building his nest,
Then we felt the warm sun, and we drank in the dew
As all over the bushes and branches we grew
Whilst we danced in the wind from the west,
Heigh-ho!
Whilst we danced in the wind from the west.

A green canopy over the flowers we spread,
And their perfume was wafted above,
As the birds and the lovers each blessed us and said,
"There is joy with the leaves and the sky overhead;
There is Life for us all, and there's Love,
Heigh-ho!
There is Life for us all, and there's Love."

Midst the yellowing corn, with the poppies aglow,
And the happy birds singing all day,
In the fulness of life, when we still wished to grow,
Then we heard the soft message come whispering low,
"You must ripen and then pass away,"
Heigh-ho!
You must ripen and then pass away.

Now the branches are bare, and below we lie still,
Whilst the wintry wind whistles a-cold,
Let the frosts and the storms do their worst if they will,
Though our souls ever change, even God will not kill;
For we live, and we love as of old,
Heigh-ho!
For we live, and we love as of old.

Envoi

The mists are rising, forward make thy way,
The dawn is breaking on another day.

A Bunch of Bloom

WHAT contrast strange, a maid so plain of face,
A sweet bouquet of flowers carrying;
Of such a picture I in praise will sing,
And of the meaning which therein I trace.
I chide thee not because thou lackest grace,
And comeliness, which I so dearly love.
Thou hast a gentle heart, that is enough,
A heart so fond of Nature is not base.
Though some may deem my form more fair of view,
They little know what riot lies within,
What ugliness of passion seen by few,
But known of Him who reckoneth all sin.
Still hold I fast like thee, a bunch of bloom—
My soul half-hidden in a cloak of gloom.

Storm

OUT in a cold December storm I go,
Facing the fiends who lash with wind and rain;
Chilling, and filling all my heart with pain;
Beating me back with many a spiteful blow.
I bow my head to all—full well I know
These demons have an equal right with me
To work their wild tempestuous will, and be
The makers of their fate, for weal or woe.
I struggle on, until behind the wood
I rest protected from the stormy blast;
The evil forces now seem turned to good:
My soul is satisfied; my trouble past.
Music's soft tones come through the branches bare,
And raindrops dance like fairies everywhere.

The world for us is full of storm, and stress,
And as we plod along our weary way
Fierce fiends make war upon us day by day,
Blighting our hopes, and all our joyousness.
We cry to heaven to make our trials less,

To still our passions, and to curb our greed,
So we may only live for that great Need :
A Love, to charm away the world's distress.
Ah ! vain and foolish thought ! 'tis only when
We battle through our weaknesses and fears,
And rest at last as victors, that we then
Can hear in peace the "Music of the Spheres."
All harmony is discord wisely planned,
Struck into Music by a Master's hand.

Christmas Day

WELCOME the day made holy by the birth
Of Him who brought to us a message pure,
Full of new power for life, and death as sure,
"Peace and Goodwill." God's love to all on earth.
The centuries pass. His teachings still endure,
And wider vision brings, a greater scope
And meaning to His words—a grander hope
For suffering souls—a comfort safe and sure.
We have the sun, the lark's aspiring flight,
The surging sea, the fierce storm-laden wind,
The everlasting stars that crown the night,
A child's bright laughter, woman's gentle mind;
All tell us our Redeemer liveth *now*,
And bids our knees to bend, our heads to bow.

A Mystery

I FOUND a fading rose,
Neglected and alone,
Beside a wayside stone.
Who plucked it? No one knows.

Midst London's busy throng
A poor child sick and worn
I found, left all forlorn.
To whom can it belong?

It is God's mystery,
Our wayward souls to train,
That they must suffer pain
To learn His sympathy.

Primroses at Christmas

I SEND thee Primroses at Christmas time,
Full many a wood I searched for blooms so rare,
Then found these tender buds—scarce in their prime,—
For thee upon thy loving breast to wear.
Ah! think not, sweet, to gather them a crime,
The very first—and first to disappear—
Who knows but what they feel a pride sincere,
An honor, and a passion more sublime,
That they, first heralds of the coming spring,
Bid now our hopes arise, our hearts awake
For the full life the summer days may bring.
Have they no pleasure too for thy dear sake?
Think of their joy upon thy breast to lie,
Giving their life for thee so willingly.

To Magdeleine

I WISH indeed that I had power to trace
Thy pensive look, when with thy head low bent,
Stitching the pattern of some ancient lace,
Patient and smiling with a calm content.
Sweet, tender Magdeleine, whose gentle grace,
Reminds me of the purple pansy rare,
Whose velvet blossom shuns the sunlight glare,
And modestly to earth bends her soft face,
As if to hide its golden centre there.
Its lustrous heart, aflame with purest light
Of love, and gentleness, and kindly care,
And by the happy contrast, made more bright.
Thy restful spirit must a heartsease be,
The flower of loving thought, and sympathy.

A Mascot

SEEK for your spells, and mascots if you will,
To bring you luck or what is called success;
They may perchance work for your good, but still
The charm I send, I pray thee, love no less.
No mystic stone or trinket to possess,
And wear about your neck in flaunting pride;
My talisman's a spirit purified;
Distilled from heartaches, tears, and loneliness.
I charge this love of mine to fly to thee,
And form a halo bright above thy head;
Born of my soul—that others too may see,
And know thy glory—though it leave me dead.
Ah! sweet were death, if thee it would endow.
My soul forever circling round thy brow.

The Past

COME back! come back! it is the cry of all
Who pine for their departed happiness;
Ah! do not think the Gods can love us less
Because they shorten not the interval.
'Tis ours to know when autumn leaves do fall,
And summer's heat has turned to winter's cold;
That spring will bring once more the cuckoo's call,
With buds, and blossoms to again unfold.
Come back! Come back! the saddest words may be,
But then they bring the thought "No hope is vain,"
We are content to wait, whilst memory
Illumes the past, and bids us on again.
Though dark the night, the dawn will surely come,
And guide our faltering feet in triumph Home.

Faith

WE walk together—it is winter time—
Through leafless woods. Brown leaves beneath our feet
Remind us of the summer's golden prime,
And song of birds, and scent of flowers sweet.
Now, dull decay on every side we meet.
Our hands press close, and from our hearts we cry,
"Let us not lose our Faith, so when we die
"A bright and heavenly springtime we may greet."
And then, as if to soothe our needless fear,
We seem to hear the Ivy, fresh and strong,
Climbing the trees, sing out for us to hear
A note of Nature's everlasting song,
"There is no Death, whatever else befall
The Spirit lives; the New Life conquers all."

Strength and Gentleness

WIDE spreading forest tree, whose leafy shade
And peaceful solitude welcomes our rest,
Thy gnarlèd trunk, thy lofty tow'ring crest,
Show thee a worthy monarch of the glade,
With years of storm and travail overweighed
That now hath gained thee calm and majesty.
And 'neath thy shelt'ring branches—sweet to see—
Blossoms a tender flower, soft arrayed
In simple beauty, which thy crown defends
From cruel blasts, and sun's destroying heat.
Strength, guarding gentleness which upward sends
Its thanks in perfume nestling at thy feet.
Sweetheart, is not our life fair pictured here?
Would I were only worthier of thee—Dear.

A Dream

'TWAS but a dream, yet dreams are ofttimes more
Than thoughts, which suffer from the light of day,
With eye and ear confused by earthly things.
'Twas but a dream, but to my hopeful soul
It will remain a vivid truth—more true—
More beautiful than aught my life has known.
Methought I walked barefooted on a hill,
Its lofty crest was snowclad, and about
My upward path huge boulders hindered me;
Scattered around, great prickly cacti grew
With cruel spear-like arms to clutch me down,
Whilst here and there were flowers, but so few
I scarcely heeded them.
With cautious tread
I struggled onward, making slow ascent;
Far up, the hill-top 'gainst the clear blue sky—
Pale tinctured by the slowly setting sun—
Looked like the petal of a fresh wild rose.
I gazed in rapture—slipped and, wounded—fell.
Some deadly weed had pierced my foot, and now

All helpless and in pain I sat me down,
Pressing the blood-drops from the swelling wound.
Sudden there came the thought "Perchance there grows
Near by an antidote." Quick glancing round,
My fancy took a small red star-like flower—
Most like the gentle pimpernel that grows
Amongst the stubble after harvest time.—
I plucked it, and a milk-white juice came forth
From where its severed stalk had left the root.
I rubbed this on the stricken place, and felt
Instant surcease of pain, whilst dreamy sleep
Fell softly on my closing eyes; then, suddenly,
A wondrous apparition, passing sweet,
With form angelic, draped in misty veils
Which seemed to aid and to sustain its flight,
Came to me from the crimson'd snow-clad height.
I saw her outstretched arms, her tender look,—
Well known and recognised—and then I felt
Her loving clasp around my neck and breast.
I too remember the light airy touch
Of gossamer-like folds that wrapped me round.—
We rose together on the ambient air,
And floated, as by magic power sustained,
O'er mountain-top and valley. On we sped
Silently—In my heart a calm content.

Ecstatic pleasure thrilled me as I felt
The close but gentle pressure of her arm
About my neck; a sign that I might know
Her tender love for me was great indeed.
The journey seemed but short; for never yet
Have I felt movement so divinely sweet,
More peaceful than a butterfly on wind,
More light than perfumed pollen from a flower,
And yet as if controlled by some great will.
'Twas but a dream, but life itself seems bare,
And trivial, now that I remember all
The keen emotion which words fail to paint.
At last we passed above a splendid view
Far as the eye could reach; diversified
By gentle hills, and dales, and sparkling streams,
Trees breaking into new and verdant life,
The meadows, and the bushes all aflame
With multi-colored wild flowers—beautiful—
Beyond all earthly beauty. Odours rare
Rose up to meet us as we gently drooped
With perfect ease towards the earth again,
And as we closer came, I saw each flower
Distinct, and separate, perfect leaf and bloom.
Each seemed alive and sentient of its power,
For every blossom hymned a heavenly song
Of joy and welcome. So, I fancied it—

We neared a sloping bank whereon there grew
Tall flags, and lilies, and between was moss
Besprinkled with the spring-flowers that I knew.
Then, as we softly as a shadow fell,
The tall stems of the larger flowers bowed,
As if to make our falling softer still.
A moment's pause—the warm arms slow unclasped.
The eyes looked into mine. A sweet voice spoke,
"Here is thy Heaven, dear.—Now rest awhile."

'Twas but a dream—Life glorified! I pray
For more such dreams, they give more light than
day.

Pavilion Bleu

COME now, my Muse, and sing to me
Of pleasure unalloyed by pain,
And let my spirit live again
That time of blissful memory;
Pavilion Bleu.

Cool shade of rest, sweet sense of peace,
Soft breeze that feels like a caress,
Light tints, and tones of gentleness,
To soothe and bid all trouble cease;
Pavilion Bleu.

Bouquets of flowers all aglow,
Their fragrance wafted on the breeze,
The drooping leaves of chestnut trees
Over the promenade below;
Pavilion Bleu

The color blending with the sky,
The soft, low music of the band,

The happy groups that silent stand
To listen, and then saunter by;
Pavilion Bleu.

The whispered words of love's intent,
The tender glances that enthrall,
And spread like incense over all
A subtle wave of calm content;
Pavilion Bleu.

'Twas all so sweet, and yet to me
'Twere nothing worth remembrance dear,
If you I love had not been near
That summer afternoon at tea;
Pavilion Bleu.

Penshurst

SCENT of wild flowers, and bracken, and heather,
Wafted around us as we on the meadow
Seated in silence, quiet, contented,
As blossoms that wave in the wind and turn sunwards,
Or blades of live grass that grow close together
And touch and are satisfied only to live.
Murmuring wind through the trees comes whispering,
Sings to us, soothing us whilst we listen,
Our hearts interpreting, guessing its meaning,
Whilst scent of the flowers, the bracken, the heather
Tell us again, and remind us what love is;
And how the years past have left the sweet feeling
Of trust, and devotion, and full understanding;
Clinging to each despite trials and partings,
Ever the same, which the years make stronger.
Like the scent of the flowers, the bracken, and heather.

Year after year coming fresh to our senses,
Unchanging, as Love purified in its passion,
Giving the world the new scent of its blossom,
That others stretch out for it longing, and wondering
At its continued fragrance and freshness,
Distilled from our lives by slow process of trial—
As incense of praise to God in His Glory,
Like scent of the flowers, the bracken, and heather.

To ——

AWAY at Garmish in the summer time,
We walked together in the vale below;
Far up, a mountain peak enwreathed in snow
Shone in the setting sun—alone—sublime.
Its rocky base was sheer, as if to show
Ascent impossible, and by its side
We saw a little fairy harebell grow,
Leaning its blossom 'gainst it satisfied.
Dear friend—dear lover (if that word I dare),
Thou art to me that mountain peak, and I
That tender floweret in the valley there;
Content to rest beside thee till I die.
As I aspire—though naught thy crown may stir,
Smile down on me thy patient worshipper.

Faith in Mystery

GREAT Queen of Mystery,
Whose silent sway
We all obey
Through life. We bow to Thee.

Dread Queen of Mystery,
With pow'r to give
Us joy to live,
Or ling'ring misery.

Sweet Queen of Mystery,
Whose love doth thrill
Out doubting will,
To guide us silently.

Rule, Queen of Mystery,
Whose name is Fate,
Whose touch we wait
To shape our Destiny.

Hail! Queen of Mystery,
Help us to rise
With clearer eyes,
And look with Faith to Thee.

A Gift

WE give our loved ones flowers, but they fade,
And love itself oft withers—so have care
Thy gifts be lasting—and thy passion made
Of highest, purest thoughts, thy heart may dare.
I choose then diamonds as emblems fair,
And symbols of my love, as clear, as bright;
I fashion them with curious delight
Into a flower of royal meaning rare;
Fit for a queen—as thou art—lover mine.
Proud in thy worthiness—alone—and free,
Imperial blossom shalt thou live to shine,
Revered, and honored always. "Fleur de lis."
Take then my gift, sweetheart, 'tis but the sign
And badge of loyalty—My heart is thine.

To ——

LET me keep that look, dear,
When last you went away;
The look that was to me, dear,
More sweet than words can say.
The silent thought you had, dear,
Was whispered by your heart;
Let me keep that look, dear,
The while we are apart.

A Golden Harp

THY heart is like a golden harp
With tender strings to play,
But none can hear them touched and tuned
So deeply hid are they.
Oh! strings of gold, of red and blue,
All bright and clear they be;
They give forth tones ne'er heard before,
A blissful harmony.

All nature gives them colors gay,
They glisten in the sun,
And with a spell mysterious
They draw us everyone.
We listen to their gentle tones,
By phantom fingers made,
But have no wit to understand
What melody is played.

And when around it storms arise,
And lash the strings with pain,

We tremble at its passion, and
We beg for peace again.
Oh! many-toned and marvellous,
Sweet golden harp, play on,
Untarnished by the world until
Thy victory is won.

Winter's Dirge

AN Ivy leaf still hanging there
Hard buffetted by wind and rain,
I listen to its song of pain,
Its cry of anguish and despair.
"Ah! why should I be left to sigh
Alone within the woodland glade
So desolate by winter made?
It is my fate. I do not die,
But like some sentinel I stand,
Appointed just to watch the show
Pass by. The seasons come and go
In one long joyous saraband;
They die, their spirits are set free,
To rise upon their upward way,
Whilst I alone am doomed to stay,
Cursed by the pangs of memory."

Sad Ivy leaf, cease to repine,
Thou knowest nothing of thy fate,
Death is for all—or soon—or late,
And future glory will be thine.

Autumn Joy

SEE how the west wind comes scampering by,
Whistling a tune through the trees,
Charming the autumn leaves, bidding them fly,
Making them dance in the breeze.

Clothed in their russet-red jackets they run,
Like little children at play,
Merrily singing of life in the sun,
Bronzed are their faces so gay.

Hark to their song! They have happiness yet;
Wisdom is gained but by strife;
Living and loving, no thought of regret,
Beauty is still in their life.

Theirs is the joy of the seed in the spring,
Making its effort of birth,
Strengthened by all that Life's battle can bring,
Giving the soul its true worth.

Dance little leaves in your frolicsome glee
Making a symbol for man :
Age hath its joys, the which youth cannot see,
Laugh then through Life all you can.

Autumn Mists

THE autumn leaves are falling,
The moon is on the wane,
White mists drift o'er the valley,
Like spirits faint with pain,
Or souls that grieve and tremble,
Repenting of their sin,
Outcast and doomed to wander,
Until new life begin.
Sad souls of faded flowers,
Sad songs of birds that died,
Strayed sunbeams of the summer,
Vain hopes of love denied;
Sweet souls of things departed,
I too will roam with thee,
And join with thine my sorrows,
And bear them patiently.
And God in loving mercy,
Shall guide us as He may,
Until the glorious morning,
Shall clear the mists away.

Walk in the Path of Gentleness

ON rugged mountain-paths wild rocks abound,
Harsh and forbidding where exposed and bare;
But ofttimes they are clothed with tender care
In rich luxuriant moss—a velvet ground,
So that the scene is chastened all around
By gentleness; and when the fairies play,
They fear not that the cruel rocks will wound
Their little dancing feet, so blithe and gay.
Oh! rugged world where men are so unkind;
May thy hard ways be softened too by love
And gentleness, to smooth the paths so rough,
That weary travellers sweet peace may find;
Resting on earth beneath a tranquil sky,
Basking in sunshine with wild flowers nigh.

To The Windsor Oak

(Felled for the Coffin of King Edward VII.)

THOU grand old oak; I come to lay thee low,
To make thy heart a coffin for our king.
Proud should'st thou be to feel each crashing blow,
As deep into thee my keen axe I swing,
Scattering thy leaves of early spring;
Staying thy sap, which through the centuries
Hath fed thy branches towering to the skies
To give thee grandeur, which to-day shall bring
Its consummation—an undying fame—
To hold within thy heart that noble one,
Beloved, revered, and mourned now he is gone:
"The Peacemaker" (his nation's chosen name).
All heads are bowed wherever Britons dwell,
A mighty sorrow fills all hearts as well.

To W. B. Leader

THE Easterns say, Man writes his fateful scroll
By thoughts and deeds that pass from day to day.
At Death, the record graven on his soul
Is hung on Heaven's spacious walls for aye.
Thou Master of the silent art, well may
Thy soul be satisfied, for by thy skill
Fair scenes of earth some niche in Heaven will fill,
And make it more like home wherein to stay.
Thy leafy woods, and hills, and limpid streams,
Will waken memories of Life's delights,
Etherealised as in a poet's dream,
By loftier knowledge and a clearer sight.
Great honor here is thine. What will it be,
When thy full scroll in Heaven all shall see?

To a Star

THOU silent star whose gentle light
Shines in the darkening sky,
And seems to speak to me this night,
Hast thou such thoughts as I?

Who feel a sadness, now that day
Has drifted to its doom,
Its joyousness all passed away,
Its glory turned to gloom.

The fleeting clouds that hide thy beam,
And take thee from my view,
Like doubting thoughts and fears they seem;
That give thee sorrow too.

I pray that thou may'st know, bright star,
For comfort thou giv'st me,
My heart leaps up to thee afar,
In glowing sympathy.

In Memoriam

W. J. F.

IN the deep twilight of the forest glade,
Through which the wind and rain drive piteously,
We meet, and note the grave all newly made,
Where one we loved will lie. Near by we see
A gnarled and knotted weather-beaten tree,
Whose leaves are strewn around, all crimson red;
And wonder at such beauty being shed
By one so rough. Such is life's mystery.
Adieu, old comrade, fitting for thy rest
Is this wild spot. Rough was thine own brave soul,
But rich with loving radiance, that has blessed,
And still will cheer us, till we reach thy goal.
Bare trees and withered leaves, the clouds and rain
Will change and pass, but Spring will come again.

The Poet

A Poet sustains his spirit with Love—the Ideal—and Prayer.

Love

THE sun that climbs the ambient sky
In glorious majesty,
My soul a thousand times more high
Ascends in love for thee.
The world is great—but much too small
To hold or curb in me,
My love which boundless carries all
Into Eternity.

The Ideal

It shines for all, now close, now far,
A beckoning, a glittering star;
I follow it—it seems so near,
Lo! further still it doth appear.
In vain I search land, sky, or sea,
Deep in my soul—there it must be.

Prayer

Eternal One—whose constant light
  Illumes the world. A sacred fire,
  He that bids the soul of all aspire,
And justify Thee in Thy sight;
  With fear and trembling I arise
The why and wherefore all unknown,
My hope, my comfort, prayer alone;
  "Great Spirit, open Thou my eyes."

My Lady of the Shades

AFTER the toil and pleasure of the day
Thou com'st to woo me with thy silent tread,
And waving thy dark tresses round my head,
Thou temptest me to linger on my way.
Ah! Goddess of the Night, I can but stay
And rest with thee a few short blissful hours;
My life is of the light, my work and play
Are with the sunshine and the scent of flowers.
Yet hast thou charms, and I will sing in praise
Of thy cool kisses, like the moonbeams pale,
The peaceful music of thy whispering ways,
The smile of hope beneath thy starlit veil.
Though now I love thee less than other maids,
Thy time may come—my Lady of the Shades.

Keep Still, My Soul

KEEP still, my soul,
Lie quiet as the seeds in the soft earth
Waiting the spring to bless them with new birth,
They will awake to give the world their worth;
Keep still, my soul.

There is no need to hasten nor to fret,
Because thou see'st not clear thy pathway yet,
Hast thou a blossom? God will not forget;
Keep still, my soul.

Where is thy Faith? Can'st thou not feel the sun?
Whence comes thy thought? Surely 'tis life begun;
Be satisfied, and say "Thy will be done;"
Keep still, my soul.

A Winter's Dream

THE earth in winter's deathly grasp is bound,
And mists are hanging like a funeral pall
On the still world, and I a sentinel
Whose doleful thoughts interpreted, resound
In caws of watchful crows that hover round;
Foul harpies waiting for a ghastly feast.
What hope in this for Springtime can be found?
Give me my Muse, some little sign at least.
A comfort comes—In fancy I can trace
Sweet Springtime sleeping, and methinks she dreams
Of Life to come, for tho' Death frowns, there beams
A smile of joy upon her infant face.
Our Life may be a dream, Ah! who can tell?
Let God see on our face a smile as well.

Open my Eyes

OPEN my eyes, my Muse, that I may see
Fair Nature's loveliness behind her veil
Of winter's dreariness on hill and dale,
'Tis but a passing mood of hers to hidden be,
To make us worship more her majesty,
And long for advent of the beauteous Spring.
I crave of thee the power still to sing
Of sunshine, flowers, youth, and gaiety,
To find an early primrose blossoming,
The bluebells in the wood, and hear near by
The cuckoo calling, and the lark on high,
And in my ear Love softly whispering.
So conquer Time, howe'er the seasons roll,
Let Springtime ever blossom in my soul.

Roses for Love

ROSES for Love, blushing so red.
See how they bloom,
Sweet their perfume
Round us is shed.
Storms will arise, sudden and rough,
Petals will fall,
Perfume and all,
Roses for Love.

Roses for Love; when they are dead
What will be left?
Beauty bereft,
Sorrow instead,
Memory too. Is that enough
Comfort to bring?
Shall we still sing
Roses for Love?

Reflexions

THE pathways sodden by the winter's rain,
The sombre trees against a leaden sky,
The dying leaves that give their life-blood stain
To silent pools wherein they huddled lie:
Such the depressing scene as I pass by,
And think, Can Springtime ever come again,
With all this ruin here? Is Hope then vain?
Is there an answer to a lover's sigh?
The clouds are parted as with God's own hand,
A glimpse of Heaven's blue shows far above,
And in the darkened pool whereby I stand
Reflected is the primrose of His Love.
So shining through life's sorrows may we see
A hopeful purpose in their misery.

Good-bye

DEAR Reader, hast thou ever in thy day
Enjoyed with some close friend a woodland walk
Midst sunshine, and bright flowers, and a talk
Of God—and Nature in her rich array
Of colour, song, and perfume; can'st thou say
That when the time came that thou hadst to part
There was no wishful longing still to stay,
No sigh of pain that echoed through thy heart?
Nay! answer not. But as I say "Good-bye"
If thou hast loved me aught then thou must know
That souls in close companionship may grow
And live embowered in fond memory.
But here we part—our separate ways pursue,
Let us clasp hands again, and so "Adieu."

FINIS

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